

DOLARNYS PRIMEROSE.

Or

The first part of the passionate Her-
mit: wherein is expressed the lively passi-
ons of Zeale and Loue, with an alluding discourse
to Valours ghost. Both pleasant and profitable,
if iudiciously read, and rightly
vnderstood.

Non est Beatus, esse quis se nescit.

WRITTEN BY A PRACTITIONER
in Poescie, and a stranger amongst Poets, which
causeth him dread this sentence :

Nihil ad Parmenonis suem.

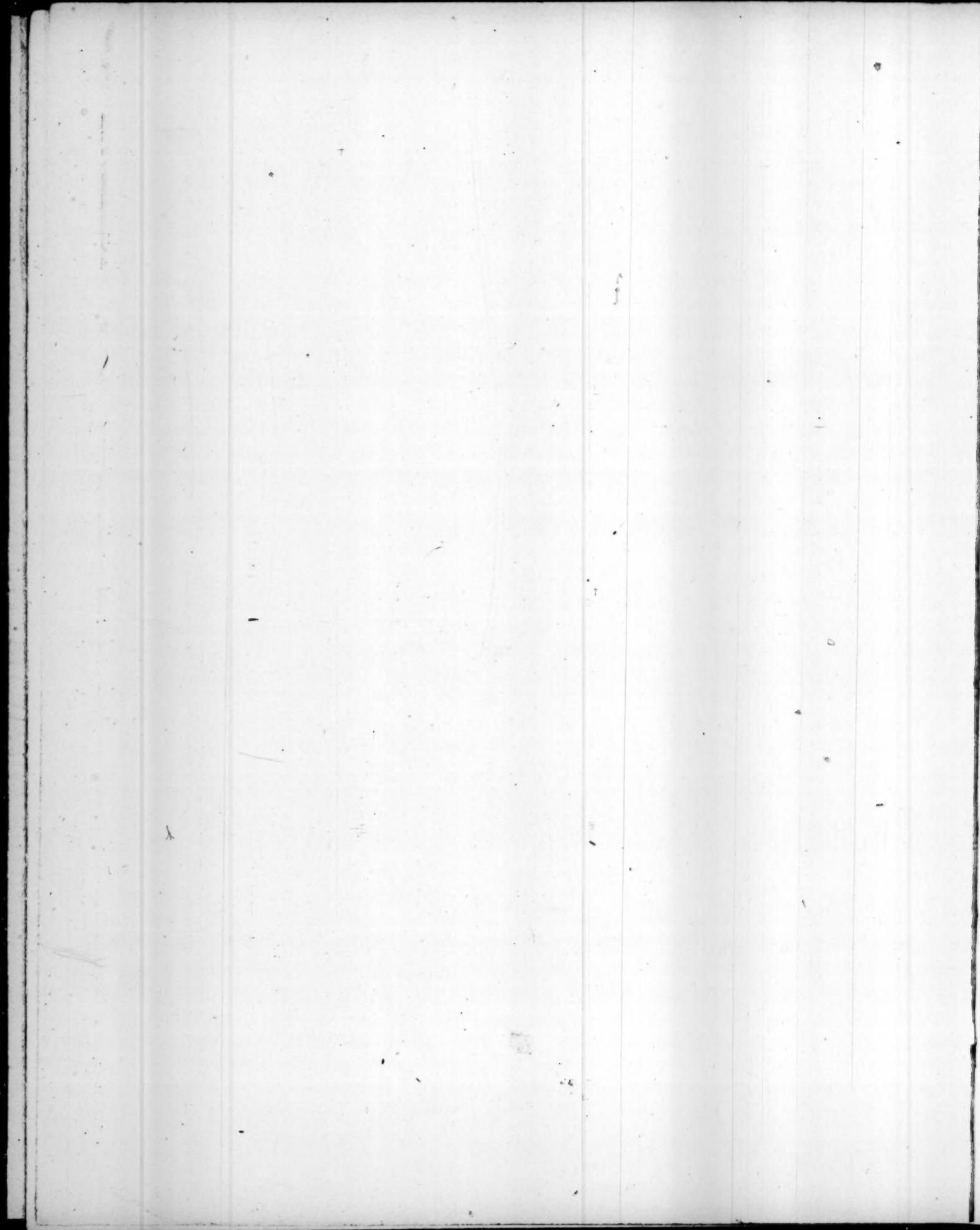


AT LONDON

Printed by G. Eld, and are to bee sold by Robert Boulton,
at his shop in Smithfield, neare long lane end.

1606.

20940



To the right Honourable, Esme Stewart, Lord of Aubigny, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties bed-Chamber; ennobled with the rarest gifts that honour may afforde, or vertue challenge:

John Raynolds, wisheth happy increase of all noble and renoumed resolutions.



Vmmoning my senses together (Right honourable) and weighing your Lordships worth, and my imperfections: Dispaire had almost checkt my too too presumptuous forwardnesse, onely for intending to present this simple worke into the hands of so noble a person: But Hope (chiefe mistresse of Desire, and enemy to Feare) began to animate my trembling thoughts with these perswasions.

Virgil, whose curios inuentions haue made his name immortall, (though not for imitation, yet for pleasure) read Ennius rough Poesies: the Delphian Oracle gaue Socrates as good a sentence for his well meaning mite, as to the proudest Athenians, for their heapes of treasure. All that was pleaded before the Romane Senators, was not uttered by Tully, yet was it heard and allowed with plausible censures. Xerxes accepted as well of the poore mans handfull of water, as of the riche mans Goblet of gold.

Thus beholding right Honorable (as in a mirror) the estates or proceedings of passed times, and hauing in homely manner penned these few unpolished lines, I presumed to present them into your Lordships hands: which although they are not stretched to the delicate treble keye of such refined Poems, as

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Maro sung in the ears of Augustus, yet they may bee
rightly called, the fruits of as well intended thoughts. For
Pindias labored as hard with his (selfe conceipted sharp)
pensil, as Apelles, with his approued skil. Every painter can-
not counterfeite lawne, with Parrhasius, nor proportion the
Ciclops, with Tymantches. Maiae sonne refused not to
tast on Baucis, faire Ioue was content with Philemons en-
tertaynement. Although Fors Fortuna gaue Vlisses, the sen-
tence for his curiouse smothenesse, yet Ajax had an applawdit
for his rough plainenes: & as no counsel could reuoke. Fabius
but Terentias fayrnesse, nor no surgion cure Hipolite but
Esculapius, so no sunne can beautifie these deformed lines,
but the glimpses of your Lordships fauour, nor no salue be able
to set these mangled strayns a foote, unlesse it be ministred by
your noble protecting hand. I seeke not Ascanius rich cloake
for brauerie, but couet with Damidas Parret, to bee shel-
tered from the vultures tirany.

Then Right honorable, if it wil please your Lordship to har-
bour this handfull of harsh sounding fillables under the safe
conduct of your honours faire protection, I shall not onely
thinke them sufficiently guarded from eniuious tongues: but
also esteeme my selfe happie, to haue them shadowed under
the winges of so worthy a Mecanas. Thus hoping (though not
for the worth of the present, yet for the true heart of the gi-
uer of) your honors gentle patronage, & resting in that hope I
wish your honour the happie enjoying of your honourable
wishes.

Your Lordships in all duty to be commanded.
I.R.



To the Right Honourable Lord,
Aubignuy, health eternall.

WHAT nere scene gemme, shall I deuise to set,
Vpon your helme, your temples to ingert?
WHAT trophe rare, what wreath or Coronet,
Can guerdonize, your meriting deserit?

O let me pollish, some nere written line,
To fit your worth, for worldlings to peruse:
And place it in, that loftie crest of thine,
Whose siluer showers, nourisheth my muse.

Making them spring, as flow'rs from frosty earth,
With *Aprill* deaws, the worlds broad eye to view:
Which else had died, and nere obtained birth,
Had they not gain'd, incouragement of you.

Base are the thoughts, that longs to write and dare not,
Then if you smile, let others frown, (I care not.)

Your Lordships euer
humbly deuoted:

John Raynolds.

A 3

To

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To the Gentle Readers *whatsoeuer.*

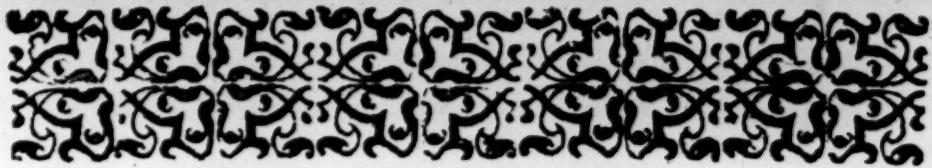
WHAT should I scrape, or beg, at pardons gate,
With prostrate termes, to helpe my stranger rimes:
VWhen as I know, that in this wau'ring state,
None well can please, these fickle enuious times.

Therefore I craue, no other boone but this,
Vpon my lines, let euery fancie deeme :
What please them best: well, meane, or flatte amisse,
No whit the worse, I will of them esteeme.

For enuious cures, will bawle at strangers true,
When neighbor theeues, vnseene may filch & steale :
But trustie mastifes, or by sent or view,
The priuie drifts, of both will soone reueale.

Then if the learned, seeke not to despise me,
Let Enuie bark, I know he cannot bite me.

Yours, I. R.



In laudem Authoris.

Though carping spight, should sit in *Momus chaire*,
And *Zoylus* fume, gnashing his venime lawes:
Though *Cristick Satires*, raue and rend their haire,
And Envy threat mee, with his falso[m] pawes.

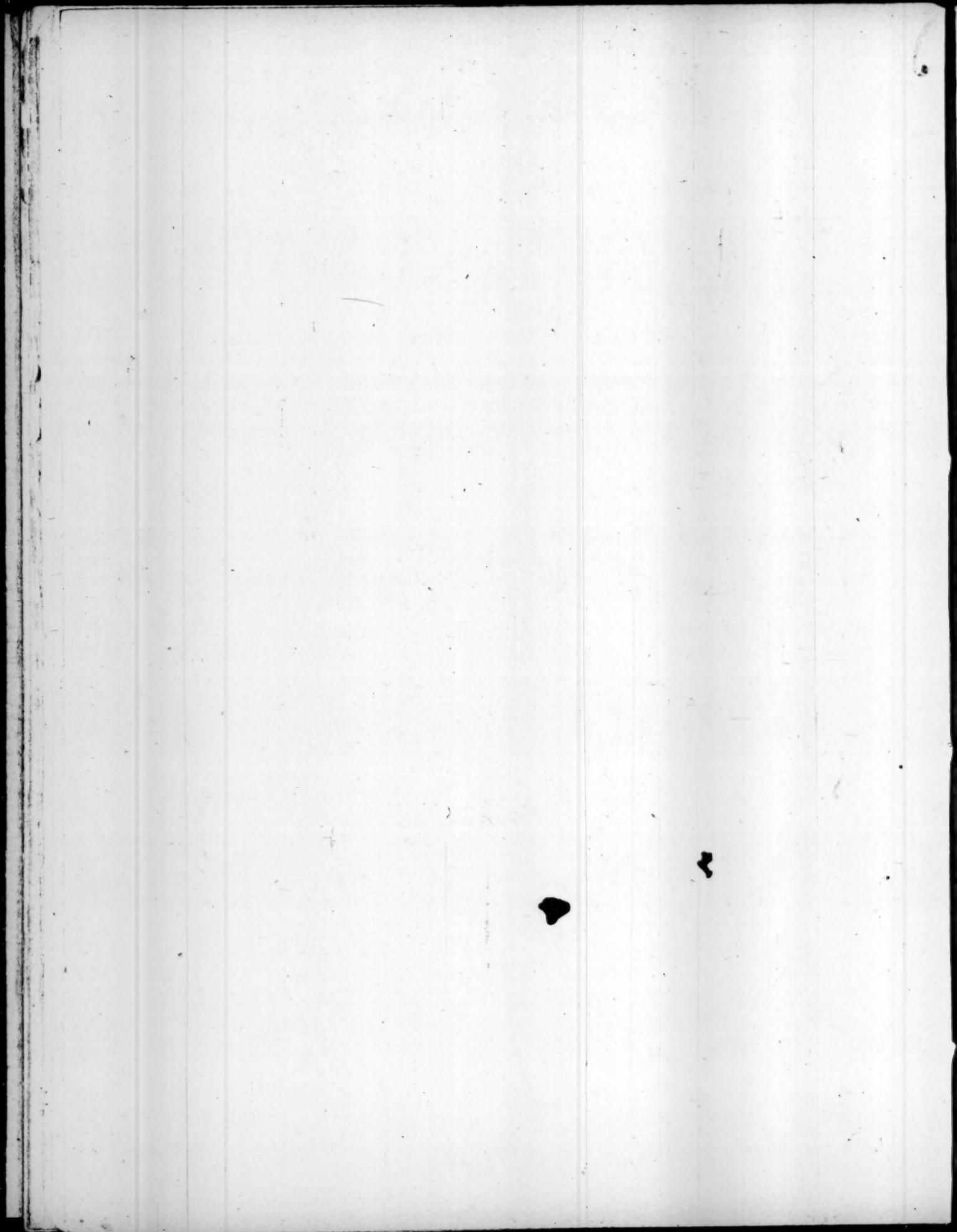
Yet this may pen, for *Raynolds* sake shall write,
Whose nouell lines, vnfolds a fertill spring:
Reueales at large, sound loue in zelous plight,
Inchac'd with wo, and warlike sonnetting.

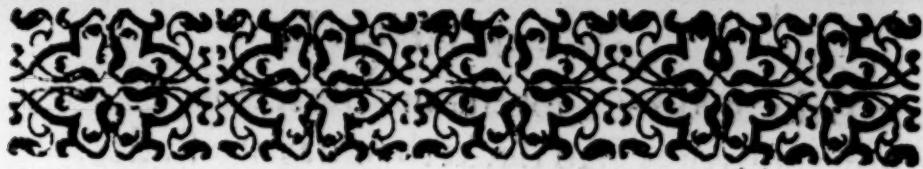
Delighfull Poems, ioyn'd with pleasant good,
And harmelesse pleasure, mixt with loftie straines:
Then foule *Thersites*, cease thy rayling moode,
And giue at least, good words for so much paines.

But if abroad, thy envy needs muste flie,
Despight not him, who seekes to pleasure thee.

Abraham Sauere Gentleman.

20970





DO L A R N Y S

Primeroſe.

WHen flowring May, had with her morning deawes,
Watred the meadowes, and the vallies greene,
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,
Came foorth to meete, the wanton sommers Queene:
The lively Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,
Tripping with speed, ouer the pleasant lawnes.

To heare how that, dame Natures new-come broodes,
Began to set, their sweet melodious notes,
With sugred tunes, amidst the leauie woodes,
Inchaunting musicke, through their pretty throats:
'By whose sweet straines, right well it might appeare,
The pride of Sommer, to be drawing neare.

Then bright *Apollo*, threw his radiant smiles,
Into the lappes, of each delicious spring.
Where *Philomele*, the weary time beguiles,
In grouie shades, fountaines inuironing:
The late bare trees, there sportiuely did growe,
With leauie sprigs on euery branch and bowe.

In garments green, the meadows fayre did ranck it,
The vallies lowe of garments greene were glad,
In garments greene, the pastures proud did pranck it
The daly grounds in garments greene were clad:
Each hill and dale, each bush and brier were seene,
Then for to florish, in their garments greene.

B

Thus

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Dolarnys Primerose.

Thus as the medowes, forests and the feelds,
In sumptuous tires, had deckt their daynty slades
The florishing trees, wanton pleasure yeelds,
Keeping the sunne, from out their shadic shades:
On whose greene leaues, vpon each calmie day,
The gentle wind, with dallying breath did play.

The Oake, the Elme, the Alder and the Ashe,
Were richly clad, in garments gay and greene,
The Aspen trees, that oft the waters wash,
In like arraiment, then were neatly scene:

The lou'ly Lawrell, precious, rich and faire,
With Odors sweet, did fill the holeseme ayre.

Their spreading armes, their branches and their boughes
Were made a bower, for the pritty birds,
Where Philomèle, did come to pay her vowes,
With sugred tunes, in steed of wofull words:
Their lofty tops, of towring branches fayre,
Dampt with the musicke, of delicious ayre.

Whose hawty pride, regarded mirth nor moanes,
But with ambition, view'd the sommer flowers,
Their labells hang'd, with quiuering dew-pearld stones,
Did represent, spangles on am'rous bowers:
There grouy shade, such pleasing ayre did lend,
As doth on groues, and grouy shades attend.

Vnweldy trees, gorgeous to behold,
Stood hand in hand, with branches all combining,
Their Gentle armes, each other did infold,
With Iuye sprigges, vpon their bodies climbing:
The more to breake, the hot reflexing rayes,
Of bright *Apollo*, in the sommer dayes.

Drawne

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Drawne by the pleasure, of delightfull ayre,
Those checkred borders, oft I did frequent,
And vnderneath, those shadowes fresh and faire,
The weary time, oft wearily I spent:
Where at the length, it was my chance to meete,
An aged man, whom I did kindly greet.

He myrror like, for nurture, discipline,
Repay'd my words, with courteous kind regreting,
Then drew we neere, a fayre-spread-shady pine,
Vnder whose boughes, we solemniz'd our meeting:
Whereas long time, the time did not pursue,
But that familiar, in discourse we grew.

His aged wit, so pregnant made mee muse,
With courtly tearmes, and eloquence all flowing,
And such they were, that cauf'd me t'accuse,
Mine owne so dull, that spent my time nought knowing:
His tongue-sweet notes, ti'd mine eares in chaines,
So that my senses, were rauisht with his straynes.

The sweetest musicke, tuch'd with curious hand,
Whose tones harmonious, bath's a list'ning eare,
Forcing fierce Tygers, all amazed stand,
Vnto his voyce compard, did harshly iarde:
Which caused me, with earnest sute to craue,
Some story from, his pleasing selfe to haue.

Who neither graunted, nor denied the motion,
With pleasant sadnessse, stood as in a muse;
Whilst I insnard, with his so sweet deuotion,
Fixed mine eyes, his mutenesse to peruse:
But then his tongue, broke off his contemplation,
And thus began, discourse with inuocation.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

O thou great guider, of the guideleſſe nine,
With ſacred deaw, my witleſſe wit inspire,
Water my ſenſes, with thy Nectar fine,
Rauish my breast, with thy all hallowed fire:
So that my tongue, ſtray not in fond delight,
But in his course, wonder thy mighty might.

When lively bloud, did run within my veines,
I tooke delight, to trauell here and there,
So much as then, my parents gaue my reins,
Vnto my ſelfe, to ſee how I could beare:
The fickle ſights, of Fortunes turning wheele,
Which like Silenus, drunkenly doth reele.

The ſpring drew on, and youth did fill my pores,
Earnelſt deſire, bred a ſtraying motion,
Within my breast, to ſee the Cambrian ſhoares,
That boundes vpon, the all vntamed Ocean:
Where huge ſteep rockes, ſhadeth each couert plaine,
Beaten with waues, from the Hiberian mayne.

And in a morne, when *Phœbus* faire did riſe,
Out of his bed, the mountaines to diſcouer,
Climbing the loſty, gresses of the ſkies,
With longing ſteppes, to ouertake his louer:
My greedy eyes, deſir'd to feed their ſight,
Vpon the ſweet'ſt, of Cambriaeſ delight.

Then did I walke, toward thoſe riſing hills,
Where carefull paſtors, of their Kids were keeping,
Whil'ſt lazie ſwaynes, their fore-duld ſenſes kills,
By entertayning, too much time with ſleeping:
There did Paſtoraes, with their roundelayes,
Paffe with delight, the ſommer of their dayes.

There

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

There might I ſee, the lofty Cedar trees,
Frō branch to bough, where pritty birds were ſkipping;
Their honey leaues, did feede the busie Bees,
Vnder whose ſhade, the milke white Does were tripping:
Their ſpreading armes, woare Iuie all combining,
Where might be ſcene, the nimble Squirrell climbing.

There did I ſee, the valleyes where the flockes,
Of fearefull Ewes, and tender Lambes were ſeeding,
The little ſprings, that do runne by the rockes,
The leauy shrubs, where pritty birds were breeding:
There Philomele, with ſweet recording fills,
The plaines with muſicke, echoing from the hilles,

I walke along, that faire adorned field,
Till that I came, to a delicious ſpring,
Whose ſmiling current, did ſuch pleasure yeeld,
As ſweet content, vnto content could bring:
There did I reſt, and ſtay my ſelfe a while,
Some tedious howers, thinking to beguile.

For why that fount, as pleasantly was plasť,
As if delight, ſhould lodge betweene two paps,
Freed with content, from Boreas northern blaſt,
Or as a Carpet, twixt two Ladyslaps:
Inuiron'd round, with their displaying trefles,
Whose amber ſhade, that golden Carpet bleſſes.

Faire qui'ring mirtle, did ingirt the ſpring,
With Iefamins ſweet, and flowring Eglantine,
Vnder whose ſhade, the pritty birds did ſing,
Melodious ſtraines, celeſtiall and diuine:
With Delphian tunes, ſuch as the muſes playes,
Filling the thickets, with their ſweet delayes.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

The rouling pibbles, and the flinty ſtones,
Were softly by, a ſhallow curent turned,
The murmering water, play'd with ſiluer ton's,
Loth to depart, and ſtaying, running mourned:
Whofe trickling-chriffall, muſickeſounding voice,
Into mine eares, did yeeld a pleaſing noyſe.

Such were the mirth, and pleaſant harmony,
The Organ ayre, did gently ſeeme to make,
With dulcean ſtraynes, of heauenly melody,
As once *Mercurie* whiſpered by the Lake:
Whofe trembling breath, new deſcants did deuife,
Till *Iunoes Argus*, cloſ'd his hundred eyes.

The pritty birds, did beare a ſweete record,
The bubling ſtreames, the vnder-song did keepe,
The dallying wind, ſuch muſicke did afford,
That almoſt rockt, my ſenses fast a ſleepe:
And well neare cauſ'd me, for to take a nappe,
As I lay muſing, in yong *Tellus* lappe.

But then I heard, a ſad lamenting voyce,
The which did cut, a paſſage through the ayre,
And fild the woodes, with ſuch a dolefull noyſe,
That all the groues, ſeem'd cloyed vp with care:
Which forc'd me, from that place for to arife,
And cloſ'd againe, my well neere ſlumbring eyes.

Then drew I neere, a little riſing rocke,
Wher as the waues, did dash their high curld browes,
The birds and beaſts, together they did flocke,
Cooling themſelues, vnder thoſe ſhady boughes:
Which dangling hung, like to a golden fleſce,
Over the head, of fayre *Amphrisus* neece.

And

Dolarnys Primrose.

And vnderneath, a pleasant Hawthorne tree,
The which did grow, neere to that rockie hill,
There did I stand, to listen and to see,
The dolefull noyse, the which the ayre did fill:

I stayd not long, but well I might descrie,
Whence did proceed, that wofull harmonye,

For neare that place, a stately pine did grow,
Angerly shaking, of his leauy crowne,
At whose sterne feet, the humble shrubs did bow,
Fearing the terrors, of his rugged frowne:

Vnder whose armes, a wofull man did dwell,
The which did hold, that bower for his cell.

Where he did often, with lamenting cries,
Bewray the cause, of all his woefull cares,
The which did seeine, to pierce the vaulty skies,
And to dissolue, hard flints to brinish teares:
To fill the woods, with noyse as loud as thunder,
To splitt hard rockes, and rend great trees asunder.

Whom when I did, with full aspect behold,
I musing stood, his grievous grones to heare,
His prayers were plaints, his sobs his solace told,
His myrrh was moane, his cries were full of care:

With broken fighes, a thousand times and more,
Thus he began, his sorrowes to deplore.

Why did I breath? why did I take the ayre?
Why did I suck? why was I fed with milke?
Why was I young? why was I counted faire?
Why was I nurst? why was I clad in silke:
Why did I liue? why dyed I not being yong?
Why was I lul'd? why was I sweetly sung.

What

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Dolarnys Primeroſe.

What cruell planet, gouernd at my birth?
VVhat diſmall ſtarre, that day or night did ſhine?
VVhat loathſome vapour, ouerſpread the earth,
Vpon that ſad, natiuity of mine?
Or did the hagges, with all their helliſh power,
Inchant, bewitch, or curse that fatall houre?

O had the Midwife, when ſhe firſt receiu'd me,
With nimble hand, my vitall powers ſtopt,
Or had my nurse, of liuing breath bereau'd me,
These fields of ſorrow, I had neuer cropt:
But both I ſummon, with impartiall eye,
As A ctors in, my wofull Tragedy.

Yet did I liue, full twenty ſommers long,
In ſprings of ioy, one running ouer other,
How then poore ſoules, could they enact my wrong?
No 'twas not they, it was my foster mother:
Fortune 'twas thee, that blyſſeſſul men doſt ſpight,
Thou onely ſtolſt from me, my hearts delight.

Thou tor'ring elſe, with euer turning wheele,
That firſt did ſet, mee loſt vpon thy knee,
And gau'ſt me all, thy blesſings for to feele,
What cauſ'd thee thus, ynkind to loure on me?
No 'twas not Fortune, ſhe was alwaies kinde
Filling my ſaile, ſtill with a proſperous windē.

Could any wretch, be then ſinfotunate,
As I poore ſoule, whom Fortune ſeem'd to guide,
No, fortune no, it was thy cruell hate,
The which for me, theſe ſorrowes diuine didſt prouide:
Thou art the wretch, thou art the beldame vile,
Thou diuineſt my heauen, my heart, and hope exile.

For

Dolarnys Primeroise.

For when my yeares, had furnish't forth my youth,
And twenty times, the sunne had chang'd his light,
Thou most perfidious, wau'ring still in trueth,
My silly soule didst crosse, with cruel spight:
And onely thou, by falsehood didst deceiue mee,
Of ioy and blisse, thou didst at once bereave mee.

Thy circled wheele, thou didst to mee forth bring,
More richly deckt, then ere it was before,
Thou setst me gently, on that fickle ring,
And gau'ſt me pleasure, in abundant store:
VVith many fauours, still thou didſt belay mee,
But with thy falsehood, still thou didſt betray mee.

Thou drewſt mee on, with loues intising bayte,
To walke the pathes, where thou a net hadſt laid,
VVith thousand snares, thou didſt vpon mee waite,
Vntill I was, of all my ioyes betrayd:
To desperate dangers, thou didſt easly wile mee,
VVhilſt from my life, and loue thou didſt exile mee,

Then did this heauy, hermit seeming man,
Stand mutely still, but still he seem'd to moane,
His aged visage, lookt both pale and wan,
His sadness he, redoubled with a groane:
He seem'd a while, vnto himselfe to mutter,
But yet no word, at al, I heard him vter.

Vntill at length, him did I plainly see,
A stately picture, in his hand to take,
The which I gest, a holy saint to be,
For that so much, of it he seem'd to make:
He kist it oft, and hugd it as he lay,
And thus at length, to it began to say.

Dalynys Primeroſe.

Fayre but vnkind, no kind: fie too too cruel,
Thirtie long years, with mee I haue thee borne,
Thrife ten yeaſes told, loues fire hath bene my fuel,
So long my heart, thy fayre imprint hath worne:
If Nestors yeaſes, thrife three times told I liue,
My loue alone, to thee I freelic giue.

Tell mee my loue, tell mee, why didſt thou leaue mee?
Why to thy Loue, didſt thou proue ſo vnkind?
Pardon my deare, was death that did deceaue mee,
Yet art thou toomb'd, for euer in my mind:
Then did he weepe, bewayling of his harmes,
And with theſe words, he lul'd it in his armes.

O had theſe armes, thy liuing corps imbrac'd,
But halfe ſo oft, as now they haue doone thee,
Theſe paths of ſorrow, I had neuer trac'd,
Nor died in thrall, but liu'd and died free:
But ſith thou liuing, werſt not in my power,
Ile hugge thy shadowe, till my laſt houre.

With which ſad words, his grou'ling corps did fall,
With gaſtly colour, ſighs abound-Lamenting,
Which forc'd mee ſew, his ſad and wotull thrall,
With rufull pittie, and with teares relenting:
I mou'd to ayde him, yet as loth to feare him,
I pauf'd a while, before that I came neare him.

For that he then, began to moue his eyes,
His earth-like hands, his heauie ironcke did rayſe,
His ſighs did vault, into the dimmed ſkyes,
His tongue forgot, not how his loue to prayſe:
But fearing leaſt, his ſecrets ſhould be ſpied,
From out his bower, full ſecretly he pried.

Then

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Then with deepe sighs, he did agayne repeate,
The rare perfections, of his long dead loue,
Her comly graces, and her gesture neat,
The which did seeme the ſenfleſſe ſtones to moue:
Which loueſick plaints, my tongu's too weake to tel,
His penſiuſe paſſions, did ſo muſh excell. ,

Nor could a volume, copie his loues deſcriptions,
That were diſlodged, from his woſwolue heart,
For he recited, with true loues affections,
A thouſand times, each limme and lineall parte:
All which by him, ſo oft pronounced were,
That almoſt dul'd, my ſhallowe ſenſe to heare.

Yet did his ſweet, ſophiſtik ſorrows tie,
My Leaden pow'rs, in chaynes of liſt'ning ſteele,
With greedy eares, to ſucke atentiuely,
His ſugred iobs, the which I ſeem'd to feele:
For each ſad ſtraine, that from his lipps did paſſe,
Bewrayd the birth-right, of his gentle race.

Then did he take, a faire delicious lute,
Whose well tun'd ſtring, ſhe touch'd with curious ſkill,
Forcing his fingers, with a ſwift purſute,
To ſtrike the frets, of muſicks ground at will:
His nimble hand, guided by ſupple veynes,
With heauenly pawſons, cloſ' d his dol efull ſtreynes.

Not great *Apolloes* violſounding laies,
That forc'd huge *Timolus*, daunce with buſkey haire,
When ſilly *Midas*, rob'd him of his prayſe,
Might with the deſcants, of his Late compare:
And with a tune, would moue a ſtone to pittie,
He ſadly ſigh'd, and ſong this mournfull dittie.

The Hermites song.

Y E hilles and dales,
Y erockes and vales,
Beare witnesse of my moane:
Ye water nymphes,
And pritty Imphes,
Come sigh with mee and groane.
Come ye Satyres, and ye Fawnes,
Come ye from the pleasant Lawnes:
From the groues, and shady trees,
On whose Green leaues, the humming bees,
Their thydes do fill,
At their owne will,
And whereon still,
With fittering wings, poore Progne flees.

Ye Fairy elues,
Come ye your selues,
From out each hollow caue:
And Coridon,
Come thou alone,
Thy presence I do craue:
For thy pipe comfortingly,
Equalleth my harmony.
Mournfull Amyntas, now and thee
Are best to beare me company:
For with confort,
We may report,
Our Loues extort,
With wofull straines of melody.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Ye Siluans all,
Both great and ſmall,
come Listen to my greefe:
Ye kids and Lambs,
Come with your dams,
And bring me ſome releefe:
Thou maide of Comes, come to me,
With aide in this my miserie,
And lead me once Aeneas-like,
Unto that ugly Stigian dike.

That I may mixe,
And yet perſiue,
Mine eye on Stix,
Where Cerberus liueth, that fewle tyke,

If that wearie,
Charons ferrie,
Will no wayſtake mee in:
Undoubting harmes,
With theſe mine armes,
I le venture for to ſwymme:
For ſometimes his coaleblacke boate,
Rides not in that road a floate,
If ſo, I will in no wiſe ſtay,
Although unto mine owne decay

In unfeareing poar's,
With arming oar's,
From off the ſhoars,
I le quicklye poſt from thence away.

For if that I,
Should chance to die,
And in that Lake to wander:
Yet ſhould I gayne,
On Lofty ſtraine,

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Aboue-loue drown'd Leander.

But if that well I ſhould paſſe,
Vgly Charons muddie place,
And happily to land me there,
VVithin that faire celeſtiall ſphere,
Then with ſmall payne,
I ſhould attaine,
Elizian plaine:
VVhere my loue fits crown'd in a chayre,

FINIS.

When he had finiſh't, vp his mournfull ſong,
He laſt'd his lute, downe by his weary ſide,
Himſelfe he ſtrecht, vpon the graffe along,
And with ſad waylings, thus agayne he cry'd:
How much avayles, it that my trauels farr,
Hath not worne out, the print of Cupides ſkatt?

What Christian land, is it that hath not borne mee?
What I land was, not ſubieſt to my ſight?
How many woods, and deserts ſtill doo ſcorne mee?
But nothing yeelds, to mee my harts delight:
From place to place, Desire my corps doth carry,
Which ſame desire, there will not let me tary.

Then did he ſigh, then wept, then ſigh'd amayne,
Then wrung his hands, then cried, then croſt his armes,
Then tore his haire, then groan'd, then wept againe,
Then with ſad teares, he thus bewayld his harmes:
Padua farewell, my loue in thee doth lie,
Within thy wals, I lost my libertie.

And

Dolarnys Primeroise.

And Albion now, to thee my natuue home,
Where first I did, receaue my vitall breath,
After all paines, paine to thee I come,
Within thy bounds, to gue my selfe to death:
For sith my loue, my loue hath me forsaken,
My last farewell, of Padua I haue taken.

But when alasse, when shall my sorrows end?
When shall I cease, of Padua for to cry?
When shall I see, sterne Atropos vnbend,
My wofull threed, of sad calamitie?
When shall I leaue, in zealous cloake to stand,
With loue-sicke cryes, to curse both sea and land?

O let mee neuer, cease with hideous cryes,
With dolefull tunes, and horred exclamations,
To send my sighes, into the lofty skies,
And pearce the Chaos, with my inuocations,
Vntil these eies, that fed their rauit'd sight:
Upon Ægesla, be depry'd of light.

Thou sullen earth, with Anger sownding wo,
Ye bleating fawnes, shaded with sheltring twigs,
Ye murmurring waters, that with teates overflowe,
Ye chirping birds, that chant the dauncing sprigs:
Come all at once, your saddest delants bring,
My fayre Ægeslaes, epitaphs to sing.

Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and Ioyes,
accursed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,
Curst be al hopes, let hopes be haplesse toyes,
For loue, and Ioy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee:
And I remaine, vncessantlie to cry,
Still lyuing, still, ten thousand deaths to die.

Dolarnys Primeroose.

O Let mee curse, that day, the time and hower,
When first I left, faire Padua and my loue,
O let mee curse, all gold and golden power,
By whose fowle force, these vggly storms I proue:

O let mee curse, that time that I did gayne,
The name of Knight, to liue in hermites payne.

But O my Loue, my Loue, and only Ioy,
My fayre *Ægessa, Ægessa* Ile come to thee,
More fayre then Helen, sacke of statelic Troye,
Once more Ile come, to sewe to court to woo thee:

Now I will come, to thine immortall shrine,
Where thou dost liue, triumphant and diuine.

Then why do I, thus linger here and there,
And seeke not out, the way t' *Auernus* caue?
Wretch that I am, how can I thus forbear,
Pining for want, of that which I would haue?

I Glaucus-like, do trauell day and night,
While shee by Circe, is transformed quite.

Wherfore Ile go, like to that Thracian bold,
With this my lute, my iourney will I take,
Whose fretts and strings, Ile frame of glittering gold,
Then Orphe-like, Ile crosse that muddie lake:

And thou fayre Pallas, and ye muses nine,
My hand and tongue, guide with your pow'rs diuine.

Venus I craue, a helping hand of thee,
Safe to conduct mee, through the Lethean fens,
And thy ripe wit, lend me sweet *Mercury*,
That I with ease, may passe that mierie Themmes:
So that blacke Charon, with his swartie oares,
May set mee safe, on Demogorgons shoar's

Where

Delornys Primeroſe.

Where Orphe-like, to Tenarus Ile go,
Which vgly gate, doth open towards the North,
There Cerberus fowle, doth make his triple shewe,
There takes he in, but none he will put forth:

Ye fates vreele, my lou's sad destinie,
Or I will seeke her with Perſephone,

With that he cloſd his hollowe wo-swolne eyes,
And stretcht his lims, along the ſenſelesſe ground,
His gaſtly viſage, pierſt the vaultie ſkyes,
Sometimes his eyballs, ſeem'd for to turne round:

With tortur'd groan's, then would he fadly gaspe,
With emptie palms, then did he weaklie gaspe.

Then did he lie, with quiu'ring legs and arms,
Then groueling craules, then feeble fall againe,
Then as one ſtrucke, with magick ſpelles and charmes,
There would he ſeeme, quite breathleſſe to remaine:
Thus did he lie, thus did he ſometimes welter,
But then ſtone ſtill, the shadows did him shelter.

At which proſpeſt, I could no longer stand,
But ſoone did runne, to helpe him in that caſe,
And water cold, I brought within my hand,
Wherewith I rubb'd, his pale and gaſtly face:
I raised him vp, then ſet him downe againe,
Then puld him here, then thrust him thence amay ſe.

At length a ſigh, mixt with a greeuous groane,
He ſent to tell, ſome life in him was left,
The which did moue, my very heart to moane,
For that ſo much, of ſenſe he was bereft:
Yet laboring ſtill, I mou'd him here and there,
Vntill at lengt, he asked who it were.

D

That

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Dolarnys Primerose.

That so did wake him, from his quiet sleepe,
Which was so much, vnto his hearts content,
With that he wept, but seeming not to weepe,
For feare that I, should relish what it ment:

He wip'd his eyes, that were ore-flow'd with teares,
And seein'd to banish, all his former cares..

Then vnto mee, these speeches he adtest,
How could you finde, my silie Hermits bower?
You d.d not well, to wake mee from my rest,
For in two dayes, I scarce doo sleepe one houre:

But that I am, a Hermit as you see,
With good cause I, might with you angrie be..

Alas (quoth I) good gentle father heare mee,
And let not anger, harbour in your brest,
Although you chide not, well your looks may feare mee,
For ages frownes, may breed a youthes vnrest:

Then if you please, to heare what I shall say,
I will reueale, how I did chance this way.

And seeing you laid; as I you lying found,
Seeming quite breathlesse, in my iudgments eye,
With armes and legges, stretche forthvpon the ground,
Pitty did force, my harmlesse hand to trie:

As halfe amaz'd, the vn-approued doubt,
If Natures taper, were quite wasted out..

For surely sir, if accident should call mee,
Vnto a chance, such as this chance hath beene,
I tell you plaine, what hap so ere befall mee,
The like effect, in mee should sure be seene.:

For why I durst, haue pauid my neighbours head,
Your body had, from out this world beene dead.

These.

Dolarnys Primerose.

These words I vttered, somthing smilingly,
With hum'rous gesture, and a pleasing vaine,
Because I would not haue him willingly,
Thinke that I knew, aught of his wo and paine:
And truth to tell, I could no better make them,
Because that he could no wayes better take them.

For then he calmelie, did desire of mee,
To shew what pastimes, I did most imbrace,
What country man, and what my name might be,
And eke what chance, had brought mee to that place:
This did he aske, with words so faire and coole,
As he his time, had spent in Nurtures Schoole.

I not denying, of his kinde request,
With sad discourse, my name and country told,
And some light toyc, that harbored in my brest,
I did not let, to him for so vnfold:
But for the chance, that brought mee to that place,
Thus did I close it, with a brasen face.

Auroraes spring, that ripes the golden mornes,
No sooner pried, ore the mountaines tops,
But that the Huntsmen, winded out their hornes,
Calling the Dogs, into a grouie cops:
I follow'd on, at length there did appeare,
Rowld from the wood, a lustie fallow Deare.

The hounds pursu'd, the huntsmens echoing noise,
Did seeme throughout, the shadie groues to ring,
Vnskild of horne, scarce with a huntsmans voice,
I follow'd still, to see that nouell thing:
'Twere foll'in me, *Thersites* like to vaunt it,
But the huntsmen, and the hounds did chaunt it.

Delorays Primeroſe.

The greened hart, with teares bewayles his case,
The egat dogs, did lightly passe the grounds,
A Padian brach, was formost in the chace,
For she did leade, the other crie of hounds:

Which cauſd the hart, to ſcud with nimble heels,
Ore hills and dales, ore craggie bracks and fields.

Then did he fall, into a heard of deere,
Then to the ſoile, then to the heard againe,
Then in the woodes, he faintlye did appeere,
Then ore the mountaines, thence into a plaine:
And all this while, the houndes had not a checke,
But ſtill did ſeeme, to take him by the necke.

And formost ſtill, that faire Italian hounde,
The which was thought, to be of Spartan kinde,
Of all the reſt, ſhe ſeem'd to gather ground,
For ſhe did run, as ſwift as any winde:

Which cauſd the deere, in's necke to laie his hornes,
And ſo to poſt, through brambles, briers and thornes.

The huntſmen glad, to ſee their ſport ſo good,
Did winde their hornes, to courage vp their houndes,
The ſillie deere, did haſten to the wood,
The dogs full crye, did keepe a narrowe boundes:
So that ſometimes, they ſeem'd his hanche to nipp,
which cauſd him feeble, from there gripes to ſlippe.

Ore buſhe and brier, the dogs did ſeeme to make him,
Bounce, leape, and ſkippe, when he could ſcarſely go.
I follow ſtill, but could not ouertake him,
Yet did I crosse, and meeete him to and fro :

Then in the groues, the houndes did ring apace,
with yelping voyces, in that ſollemne chace,

Then

Dolarmys Primeroſe.

Then here, then there, the echoing wood resounded,
Of those shrill notes, display'd with hornes and hounds,
The noyse whereof, into the skies rebaunded,
Throughout the hills, and all the daly grounds:
Which pastime rare, my tongue denyes to tell,
The hunting musicke, did so much excell.

Then for to meete, the game a neerer way,
I walkt along, a dale hard by a fountaine,
Whereas a while, to drinke I there did stay,
Then did I climbe, the top of yonder mountaine:
Where I might view, at large the vally grounds,
But could not heare, the huntsmen nor the hounds.

Then looking tow'rd, this little shady plaine,
Like a yong huntsman, I began to call,
Whereas me thought, one answered me againe,
That seem'd my voyce, in his for to install:
I something angry, came along the ground,
But then I knew, it was an echoes found,

Thus hauing lost, the sport I came to see,
And knowing not where, to seeke the same againe,
My minde did with, my weary legs agree,
Homeward to go, thorough this couert plaine:
Thus leaving off, the lusty red Deeres chase,
It was my chance, to finde you in this place.

Then howsoere, I pray you pardon mee,
Were you asleepe, or were you in a sownd,
Or in a traunce, as so you well might be,
But surely dead, you seem'd when I you found:
Chance is but chance, then for this chāce excuse me,
Sith in my thoughts, I did no whit abuse ye.

Delors Primeroſe.

Thus haue I told you, all you did demand,
And more will tell you, if you do request it,
Ther's nothing lieth, within my powerleſſe hand,
But age ſhall haue it, els I will detest it:
Then aſke and haue, ther's nougnt conſiſts in mee,
But you free owner, of the ſame ſhalbe.

Then did hee ſeeme, to cloake both wrath and loue,
The heate of one, did quench the others fire,
Where two extremes; in one doth ſeeme to moue,
It qualifieth, the hotneſſe of deſire:
For neither mou'd, with loue nor fretfull ſpleene,
Clad in theſe words, his ſpeech was neatly ſcene.

Your curteſies, excel farre my deſert,
My meriſts no way, can them counteruayle,
But if my loue, or aught within my heart,
Can equall them, I will in no wayes fayle:
But what you haue, in kindenesſe ſhew'd to mee,
By mee ſhall no wayes, vndeſtituted bee.

For looke what nurture, doth by nature owe,
Vnto a ſtranger, you haue ſhewed to mee,
Then if that I, a ſtranger ſhould not ſhowe,
Such curteous deeds, as might with yours agree:
Well might I gaine, my ſelfe a ſcandall crime,
And ſhew miſſpent, the trauells of my time.

But ſith that now, the ſunne hath well neare paſt,
His halfe daies course, climbing the lofty ſphere,
And that long trauell, in your lims hath paſt,
Hungar and thirſt, with hunting of the Deere:
Let me intreate you, with theſe cares of mine,
In this my bower, this once with mee to dine.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

I gaue him thankes, and seem'd right well content,
At which my words, the Hermit turn'd him round,
Vnto his scrip, he then directly went,
Taking a cloth, and spred it on the ground:
And as his cloth, and cates he neatly layed,
With simyling teatmes, these words to mee he sayd.

Sir thinke not now, your ſelfe in towne or court,
For to bee pamperd, with delicious fare,
For here remaynes, no pompe nor ſtately port,
But thinke you here, inuiornd round with care:

Here vſe we not, our bellies for to fill,
But feed at neede, ſterne hungar for to kill..

With that hee went, to fetch ſome water in,
While I ſtood muſing, for to ſee his fare,
For hee had ſet, a ſkull for to begin,
Which would haue moou'd, a prodigall to care:
And right againſt it, ſtood an houre glaſſe;
Where one might ſee, how ſwiftly time did paſſe..

Then did he ſet, an earthen pot of flowers,
Whose colour cleare, was withered quite away,
Then did he ſet, two other, whose faire powers,
Seem'd to contayne, the pleaſures of the day:

And then a booke, and then a little bell,
But what that ment, my ſenſes could not tell.

No bit of meate, vpon the table ſtood,
But ſome fewe rootes, the which alone did lie,
Alas thought, I, this is but ſimple food,
Yet for this once, I will not him deny:

But I will ſit, and thinke I haue good meate,
That I may ſee, how he theſe cates wil eate.

Then:

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Dolarnys Primerose.

Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountaine cleare,
And purer farre, then siluer drops of raine,
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare:

Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,
You see your fare, then doo not musing stand.

But sit you downe, vpon these flowers by mee,
Although course fare, to dianer you shall haue,
Yet sit I pray, and beare mee compayne,
For nere good fare, was in a Heremits caue:

Yet if that want, thereof your senfe doth dull,
Our table talke, shall surely fill you full.

Then sat I downe, vpon the carpet grasse,
Where after thankes, to God for that our meate,
He did begin, the dinner time to passe,
With sad discourse, but not a bit did eate:

For in his hand, he tooke the dead mans scul,
The which did see me, to fill his stomacke full.

He held it still, in his sinister hand,
And turn'd it soft, and stroakt it with the other,
He smil'd on it, and oft demurely faund,
As it had beene, the head of his owne brother:
Oft would h'haue spoke, but something bred delay;
At length halfe weeping, these words did he say.

This barren scull, that here you do behold,
Why might it not, haue beene an Emperours head?
Whose store-house rich, was heap'd with massy gold,
If it were so, all that to him is dead:

His Empire crowne, his dignities and all,
When death tooke him, all them from him did fall.

Why

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Why might not this, an Empresse head haue beene,
Although nowe bare, with earth and crooked age?
Perhaps it was, the head of some great Queene,
Vertuous in youth, though now spoil'd with earths rage:
Well if it were, so rich a treasure once,
Now tis no more but rattling gasty bones.

Say that it were, the head of some great man,
That wisely searcht, and pri'd out euery cause,
And that inuented, eu'ry day to skanne,
The deepe distinctions, of all sorts of laws:
And somtimes so, cut off his neighbours head,
Why if it were, himselfe is now but dead.

And might it not, a Lady somtimes ioye,
Thaue deckt, and trim'd, this now rainbeaten face,
With many a trick, and new-found pleasing toye
Which if that now, she did behold her case:
Although on earth, she were for to remaine,
She would not paint, nor trimme it vp againe.

Why might not this, haue beene some lawiers pate,
The which sometimes, brib'd, bawl'd, and tooke a fee,
And lawe exacted, to the highest rate?
Why might not this, be such a one as he?
Your quirks, and quilles, now fir where be they,
Now he is mute, and not a word can say.

Why might not this, haue garniſht forth some dame,
Whose ſole delight, was in her dog and fanne,
Her gloues, and maſke, to keepe her from the aime,
Of Phebus heate, her hands or face to tanne:
Perhaps this might, in euery ſort agree,
To be the head, of ſuch a one as ſhee.

E

Or

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Dolartys Primeroise.

Or why not thus, some filthie pander slauie,
That broaker like his soule doth set and sell,
Might not haue dyed, and in an honest graue,
After his death, gone thether for to dwell:

And I come there, long after he were dead,
And purchase so, his filthy panders head.

Or say'twere thus, some three chind foggie dame,
The which was so, but then a bawd was turn'd,
And kept a house, of wanton *Venus* game,
Vntill such time, her chimneis all were burn'd:

And there some one, with *Gallian* spice well sped,
May dye of that, and this might be her head.

But O I runne, I runne too farre astray,
And prate and talke, my wits quite out of doore,
Say'twere a King, Queene, Lord, or Lady gay,
A Lawyer, Minion, Pander, or a whore:

If it were noble, t'were not for mee to creake on.
If it were base, it were too vile to speake on.

But what so ere it was, now'tis but this,
A dead mans scull, vsurped from his graue,
Yet doo I make it, still my formost dish,
For why? 'tis all the comfort that I haue:

In that I may, when any dinc with mee,
Shew what they were, and cke what they shall bee.

Then on the cloath, he set it downe againe,
And with a sigh, hart-deepe with halfe a groane,
Which drew salt teares, from out his eyes amaine,
Although he cloak'd them, with a prittie moane:

Well sir quoth he, although your chear's not great,
This is the sawse, you shall haue to your meate.

Which

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Which I no nigard, wiſh you not to ſpare,
Although it be an ill diſtincting meate,
Yet ſuch it is, that we muſt knowe and heare,
Though wee not that, yet that our liues will eate:
And who ſoere, with in my bowre ſhall dine,
Shall taſt this lawſe, ere any cates of mine.

Then did hee giue, mee of hiſ rootie foodē,
And bad mee eate, and hee tooke of the ſame,
Hee eate thereof, affiſming it were good,
But I to taſte it, knew not how to frame:
And yet becauſe, that I was hunger-beaten,
I chaw'd a bit, and ſeem'd as though I had eaten.

Then did he take, hiſ pitchet in hiſ hand,
And courteouſly, did proffer drinke to mee,
I wil'd him drinke, and I at hiſ commandē,
Nexte taſter of, that ſame hiſ drinke woule bee:
Hee dronke thereof, and after ſo did I,
And ſett the pott, vpon the ground vs by.

Then in hiſ hand, he tooke the houre glaffe,
And theſe like words, to me he did bewraye,
Behold ſaith he, how here the time doth paſſe,
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a ſtray:
Here may you ſee, how wiſh your time doth runne,
And ceaſeth not, vntill your ſe be doone.

This glaffe euē now, was full of ſlipery ſand,
This glaffe even now, was like the prime of youth,
This glaffe euē now, was fill'd with plentyeſ hand,
Only in this, you may behold Times truſh:
Here you may ſee, that time is alwayes ſliding,
This is a mirroure, of fickle tyme abiding.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

See how it glides, ſee, ſee, how fast it runne,
Siy a good life, vpon this time did dwell,
wer't not too ſoone, his houre ſhould be come,
I hee in vertue, others did excell:

No, were he *Mofes, David or Salomon,*
His time thus come, his life muſt needs be gon.

Now'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,
Thus houres ſunne, within this glaffe is ſet,
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,
All earthly labors, now he would forget:

And as this ſand, within this glaffe lie ſtill,
So ſhould the earth, his breathleſſe body hill.

Without more words, the glaffe he did ſet downe,
And tooke two potts, of flowers in his hands,
Hee knit his browes, and ſeemed for to frowne,
Yet of the vertues, thus at length he ſeeks:

These with red flowers, were as faire as theſe,
And theſe faire flowers, wil be as foule as theſe.

This pot of flowers, that dead and with red be,
In prime of ſhew, but yester day were growing,
Their blaſted lookeſ, thus faded as you ſee,
Were yester day, both pleasant fresh and flowing:

What wee are all, by theſe wee may deuine,
When death ſhall cut, our thred and fatall line.

And theſe faire flowers, that now ſo faire doo ſeeme,
Whose powers were foſter'd, with this mornings deaw,
Their gaudy time, as I do iuſtly deeme,
Is nigh halfe ſpent, as triall ſhall proue true:

For ere their lookeſ, the morrow light ſhall ſee,
Their pleasant hewe, full with red offhalbe.

These

Dolarnys Primeroise.

These faded flowers, are like vnto the man,
The which cold dead, vpon the ground doth lie,
With gasty colour, visage pale and wan,
And many mourners, him atending by:
His life thus gon, his body nothing craue,
But to be hid, within an earthly graue.

The with red flowers, then he did set downe,
And tooke the flowers, equall to the other,
Which when they were, each one by other showne,
Scarfe could Ideeme, the on's hew from the other:
But that the last, in's right hand he did hold,
The first of them, his left hand did infold.

Then with sad lookes, he sigh't and thus bespake,
Behold these flowers, a paradox in yeares,
With such remorse, these speeches from him brake,
That hee did partly, smother them with teares:
Behold (quoth he) the man that liues in payne,
And eke the man, that doth in ioye remaine.

These flowers (quoth he) his right had flowers meaning,
Doth represent, the life, of happie men,
The which with vertue, in their bounds, conteining,
Doleade their liues, that none may looke agen:
Whose humane course, no man hath euer seene,
To be corrupt, with fretfull ire or spleene.

These flowers are like, the man who from his youth,
Hath led his life, in pathes of vpright wayes,
Th'are like to him, that strayth not from the truth,
But liues in goodnesse, all his youthfull dayes:
Th'are like to him, whose yeares doo not decay,
But liueth young, vntill his latest day.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

These flow'rs (quoth he,) were cropt two days ago;
But yet doo keepe, their perfect colour still,
The water is, the cause why they doe so,
For why? brim-full, this ſmall pot I did fill:
So looke where vertu's, fill'd with ſweet content,
There life or colour, will not ſoone be ſpent.

Yet euēn as beauty, from theſe pretty flowers,
Though moiftly kept, at length wil quite conſume,
So ſhall that man, who hath with all his powers,
Decked him ſelfe, in vertues ſweet perfume:
For though he feeds, long on moift vertues breath,
Yet at the length, he yeelds himſelfe to death.

Then did he looke, vpon his leſt hand flowers,
Alaſſe (quoth he,) me thinks I ſee you fade,
The drouth of wo, conſumeth all your powers,
Y' are burnt with heat, though always kept in ſhade:
For euēn as care, like fire conſumes a man,
So drouth in ſhade, your beauteous colours tanne.

These flow'rs are like, the willfull prodigall,
That vnthrift-like, ſpendeth his youthfull dayes,
Mounting vp ſtill, euēn ſodenly to fall,
By in direſting, of his willfull wayes:

His riotous life, his toyes and lauifh tongue,
Makes him looke old, when that he is but young.

Th' are like to him, that wantons it abroad,
With midnight reuills, kept in Venus court,
Spaſing no cost, but lai' th on golden loade,
And in a brothell, keeps Lordly port:

But when his purse, and vaynes are all drawn drye,
Though he's but young, he lookeſ as he would die.

Th' are

Dolarnys Primeroose.

Th'are not vnlike, a vertuous nurtur'd child,
The which did flourish, in his tender yeares,
But got the reines, grows headstrong proud and wilde,
Till all his graine, is turn'd to frutlesse tares:

Then full of care, he leaues his foolish ioy,
And looks like age, when he is but a boie.

Good sir (quoth he,) thus haue I to you showne,
The vertu's of, these severall sorts of dishes,
My glasse and flowers, you the tast haue knowne,
Although not fill'd, with flesh nor dayntie fishes:

And with those words, he did set downe the flowers,
Feeding againe, for to reuiue his powers.

Not past two bits, the silly man did eate,
When in his hand, he tooke the booke and bell,
And thus of them, began for to intreat,
Whilst droping teares, from his sad eies besel:

This booke (quoth he) a mans shape seems to haue,
And this the bell, that calls him to his graue.

This Little booke, presents the life of man,
Wherein is wrap'd, the substance of his soule,
Which be it fresh, or be it pale or wan,
T' must separate, when as this bell doth tolle:
How vertuous, bad, or pure soere it be,
When death doth call, soule must from body flee.

Within this booke, doth spring the well of life,
Which fountaine cleare, gives drinke to al that craues it,
Heare li' th the sword, that ends all Kindes of strife,
Deny'd to none, but all that seeks it haue it:
And they that vse, this sword, or water cleare,
This bells alarum, need not for to feare.

Within

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Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Within this booke, good men renew their ſight,
When as they bathe, their liquid veines therein :
To heare this bell, it doth their ſoules delight,
They feare not death, they force him not a pin :
For when ſterne death, thinkes moſt their ſoules t'anoy,
This is their ſhield, they thinke him but a toy.

This booke (quoth he) ſhould Vſurers behold,
And foule vſurpers, of their neighbours land,
That robs the poore, and heapes vp hoordes of gold,
To note it well, they would amazed ſtand :
And from thofe lands, and bagges of money fall,
For feare this Bell, to *Limbo* ſhould then call.

If drunkards, gluttons, or laſciuous men,
Would deeply diue, into this ſmall bookes lines,
Their owne black leaues, they would turne o're again,
And ſoone bewaile, their monster like ſpent times :
Arming themſelues, with this, the ſcourge of hell,
Leaſt they ſhould feare, the tolling of the Bell.

Or if that they, who ſwell with haughty pride,
Within this booke, ſhould make their looking-glaſſe,
Or if falſe theeuies, ſhould here their ſhares diuide,
And view it well, before they hence did paſſe :
Pride and *Celeno*, they would both go pray,
For feare this Bell, to hell ſhould them conuay.

But if a good, and vertuous liuing man,
Should chance to prie, within this little booke,
He neede not feare, for he already can,
Their calmie lines with faire diuifure brooke :
If death him call, he doth him ſtraight defie,
Only he knowes, from this world he muſt dye.

This

Dolarmys Primeroſe.

This Bell preſents, the Crier of a Court,
The which in time, doth call both good and bad,
Each man thereto, muſt duly make reſort,
For when he calleſ, an anſwer muſt be had:

And when pale death, ſhall ſhut vp all our powers,
The dolefull bell, doth ſtrike our lateſt houres.

With which ſad words, he ſet them on the cloath,
Now ſir (quoth he) y'haue taſted all my fare,
The which to ſhew, to ſome I would be loath,
But ſpeake I pray, how doo yee like this cheere:
Well: but mee thinkes, 'tis ill diſteſting food,
No ſir quoth he, 'tis pleaſant ſweet and good.

For iſ a Prince, ſhould chance to come this way,
And in mine Arbour, ſit as now you doo,
These cates and cheere, to him I would forth lay,
And pray him looke, and taſte vpon it too:
And would not let, his pardon for to craue,
To tell him this, doth repreſent his graue.

Or iſ a Queene, with all her courtly traine,
Of ſtaſtes and peeres, of Lords and Ladies gay,
Should come within, this little ſhadie plaine,
And in the Cell of poore *Maluehus* ſtay:

What ſhould detaine, my tongue it might not tell,
They muſt not aye, in earthly pleaſures dwell?

Let all the Lawyers, lodg'd within new *Troy*,
And all the dames, that mincing minions are,
The pandar ſlaues, and ſtrumpets ſeeming coye,
Come here to mee, and none of them Ile ſpare:
But tell them all, and that with ſmall offence,
Their time will come, and that they muſt pack hence.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

If mistresse *Maudlin*, with her golden locks,
Whose leman knowes, his well-grift-forked browes,
Or mistresse *Maukin*, who ſate twife i' th stocks,
Should vndermine, these Hermit-shading bowes:
I would not let, their person thus to greete,
Amend, your end, is but a winding ſheete.

Let them that ſpend, the flower of their time,
The *Venus* wanton, and the prodigall,
Who doo not take, the ſunne while it doth ſhine,
But let it paſſe, and thinke not of their fall:
Let them come here, but once and dine with mee,
And here Ile tell them, what their end ſhall bee.

Let thofe that hoard, vp gold and ſiluer ſtore,
And neuer thinkes, to part from it againe,
But ſterue poore Orphans, at their wretched dore,
And fillie ſoules, for want thereof are ſlaine:
Let them looke here, here ſhall they plainly ſee,
At their laſt houre, what their beſt end ſhall bee.

Let pride, and theft, and glutton-drunkeneſſe,
And all the tribe, of miſcreant demeanour,
With all laſciuous, folly and exceſſe,
Repaire to this, my little ſhadie bower:
And taste this fare, as you haue done with mee,
Then ſhall they know, what their beſt end ſhall bee.

Yet ſir, quoth he, farre be it from your heart,
That you ſhould take, a bad conceipt herein,
But of my words, and cheere receiue a part,
And thinke you welcome, to this homely Inne:
Nor doo I ſpeake it, but that you ſhould gaine,
Some pleaſure by, your long ſpent time and paine.

But

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But now I ſee, an houre is fully ſpent,
Since we ſat downe, within this homely place,
Wherfore if you, be therewithall content,
Weele end our dinner, with a thankfull grace:
Which being done, if that you please to ſtay,
We will diſcourse, to ſpend this Summers day.

I was content, the dutie was eſſected,
The borde was drawne, and all was laid aside,
Each on his ſeate, in ſhadow ſweet eleſted,
And then the Hermit, thus his ſpeech di'd guide:
Good ſir (quoth he) now doo I call to minde,
The *Paduan* brach, that was of *Spartan* kinde.

I pray you tell mee, doo you know her maifteſt,
I aske not that, a Huntsman I would be,
But that I heard, you ſay ſhe did runne faster,
Then all the hounds, in that wood ſounding crye:
Faine would I know, him that in *Padua* ought her,
And eke the man, that into *Albion* brought her.

I bluſht to heare, him name the dogge againe,
That I had nam'd, but neither ſcene, nor found,
For why? the hunting was a morall plaine,
Himſelfe the Hart, his loue the *Paduan* hound:
Yet that I might, proteſt my ſelfe from shame,
Thus vnto him, an answer I did frame.

Sir, that faire brach, a curteous Knight doth keepe,
Who in his armes, will hugge the tatling elſe,
And in his bosome, ſuffers her to creepe,
So that the Ape, growes curſt, and bites himſelfe:
And wer't not that, I ſhould be thought to glory,
Of them I could, diſcourse a pretty ſtorie.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

No ſir, quoth he, if that you please to tell,
That faire diſcourſe, deriu'd from *Italy*,
I cannot thinke, that glory vaine doth dwell,
Within that breft, where vertue ſeemes to lie:
Nor will I ſuffer, you to take the paine,
Vnleſſe by lott, you doo the place attaine.

For that from *Padua*, I did late returne,
And with theſe eyes, I ſadly did behold,
A ſight the which, doth cauſe mee yet to mourne,
The which my tongue, did neuer yet vnfold:
Wherfore by lot, we may diſcerne right well,
Which of vs two, the firſt diſcourſe ſhall tell.

The lots were caſt, the Hermits was the charge,
He muſt prepare, to tell the firſt diſcourſe,
When I did thinke, that I ſhould heare at large,
His loueſick paſſions, ſighed with remorſe:
But he as one, that reueld in diſpair,
Began this *Romaine* ſtorie to declare.



The Hermites diſcourſe.

Where grisly cares, floweth vntamed tides,
Within the Ocean of a penſive breft;
There ſorrowes ſhip, ſtill at an anchor rides,
Beaten with waues, of boiling thoughts vntrefit:
Whole ſtormes of ſighes, againſt that ſhip is ſent,
Vntill her heart-worne, tacklings all are rent.

For

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

For when my hart, began to harbour griefe,
And that my thoughts, had entayned wo,
In deserts wilde, I sought to finde releefe,
And path-les paths, my vncouth steps did know:
Vntill at length, I did behold and see,
Each ſenſelesſe creature, boyſtrous ſtormes did flee.

The ſtormes did force, the Lyon leauē his pray,
The wily Fox, to haſten to his hoale,
The ſtormes did force, the Wolfe to houle and bray,
The hinde to ſteale, to couert with her foale.

The ſtormes did force, th' Antilop for to hide her,
In ſhelters ſafe, conducted by the Tiger.

The vgly Beare, vnto her whelps did runne,
The briftled Bore, retired from his food,
The bounſing Doa, vnto the brakes did come,
The fearefull hare, did haſten to the wood:
And all the beaſts, that natures art did mould,
Some harbour ſought, to keepe them from the cold.

Then did I likewiſe, to my Chamber go,
Whose walls were painted, with oreflowing tcares,
Mixt with the colour, of diſtrefſe and wo,
Drawne out with knots, of hopeleſſe griefe and feares:
My bed of ſorrowe, I had lately bought,
My ſheets with ſighs, moſt ſumptuously were wrought.

My bolſter fill'd, with ſad lamenting groanes,
My pyllowe all, imbrodred ore with care,
My blanckets framed, full of wayling moanes,
My couering, imboſſed with diſpaire:

Thus was my Chamber, deckt on euery ſide,
With wo and griefe, wherein I did abide.

Dolarnys Primeroise.

Where I had time, and place inough to mourne,
With fainting teares, there might I feast my fill,
There might my sighs, redoubled well returne,
From hollow vaults, and eu'ry little hill:

There to my selfe, my selfe was left aloane,
None left to heare, the tenure of my moane.

For if there had, perhaps they would but smile,
And laugh, and scoffe, at my sad soules lament,
Where, with the sighs, that I did time beguile,
Would shake great hilles, or stony rockes haue rent:

But such they were, as to my selfe were easing,
Content my minde, and to my selfe were pleasing.

Ten thousand sighs, I sent to fill the aire,
When from the aire, I suckt them vp againe,
A thousand times, I did repeate my care,
When still my care, did with my selfe remaine:

I sigh'd, I sobd, and weeping, hands did wring,
And sometimes song, my woes with sonnetting.

But after that, I had my selfe tormented,
With horred groanes, wheron I daylie fed,
So that the rugged, breathlesse stones lamented,
I wrapt my selfe, in that care couer'd bed:

Where thus my thoughts, did meditate on griefe,
Not knowing how, nor where to finde releefe.

The malecontent, is wayted on with wo,
The Louers life, is care ore-guilt with ioyes,
The penitent, his brest with sobs doth flowe,
Shedding out teares, his pensiue soule auoydes:

Sighes at a beck, to each of them do fall,
Sorrow doth sit, attending on them all.

The

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

The malecontent, he neyther eates nor sleeps,
But meditates, vpon he knowes not what,
His daring eies, vpon the earth still peepes,
But what he seekes, his senses quite forgat:

His fullen thoughts, doth feede on bitter gall,
Most is his mirth, when greatest is his thrall.

Farre more hee labours, in his troubled minde,
Then all the Plough-men, in a thouſand feelds,
His haruest reapt, when ſeafons are moſt kinde,
Leſſe is his gaine, then leaſt of all theiſs yeelds.

Hee thinkes his ſtate, is happier then many,
Yet loues, nor hates, nor feares, nor cares for any.

His life he loues, as men loues ſommers ſnowe,
For life and death, are both to him all one,
A life to death, he's ſure that he doth owe,
Hee death imbraceth, ere that his life is gone: (him)
With this his vayne, hee thinkes the Gods haue bleſſt
And in this vayne, he go'th a while to reſt him.

The Louer ſad, I moane with kinde remorſe,
For why? I knowe no ſurgeon can him cure,
His vneſene wounds, are of ſo ſtrange a force,
That liuing long, no wight can them indure:
He's frizing hotte, and liuing alwayes dead,
Dispayring hopes, and looſing thinkes him ſped,

He's well yet ſicke, and knowes not wher's his griefe,
He's burning cold, he hath and yet he ſkants,
He's ſeeking ſtill, though neuer findes releefe,
His heart ſeemes pleaf'd, yet that he wiſh he wants,
Twixt two extremes, his ſhip is alwaies fayling,
Hee thinkes him ſped, when all his baits are fayling.

Hcc

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Hee mourning ſings,hee ſmiles in ſorrow ſad,
Hee dying liues, and liues by alwaies dying,
Hee nought inioyes, yet with his nothing glad,
Hee ſtill purſewes, where hee ſees nothing flying:
His reſtleſſe pangs, would make a world to wonder,
Yet drowsie ſleep, doth force him to a ſlumber.

The penitent, that doth in anguifh payne,
Hee ſinking ſwims, in gulfes of deepe diſpaire,
In ſhade he ſitts, his ſunne doth ſildome ſhine,
His drinke is wo, his meate is clogged care:
Hee hopes, he feares, and thus in hoping ioyes,
Hope makes him glad, but fearing him annoyes.

To vncouth places, he doth alwayes hant,
His penſiue conſcience, wills him there to wander,
His tort'red body, ſeemes to feele more want,
Then for his *Hero*, did loue-drown'd *Leander*:

No deſert darke, nor pleafant lawne long holds him,
But weary ſtill, his iuie armes inſolds him.

He ſighing peeps, from earth vnto the ſkies,
Then wofull lookeſ, from ſkie to earth againe,
From earth he came, in heauen his conforſt lies,
Thus on he walkeſ, twixt muſuall ioy and paine:
In darkiorn night, nor yet in pleaſing day,
His life here stands, at one contented ſtaye.

Well do I know, the teares and bitter moane,
The penitent, doth vtter with his wayling,
For in that grieſe, I feele my ſelfe as one,
That haue a ſhip, within that Ocean ſayling:
And hope at length, with others that haue ſtore,
To bring my ſhip, vnto a happy ſhore.

Thus

Dolarnys Primeroose.

Thus did I lie, with sundry meditations,
Thus were my thoughts, with diuers changes led,
Which musings were, my chiefest consolations,
Till drowsie sleepe, was hanging in my head:
Which then began, my senses to surprise,
Binding the deawie, closures of mine eies.

But slumber soft, no sooner had incloſ'd,
The watry windows, of my wofull eies,
When as mee thought, a champion bold oppoſ'd,
My sleeping senses, with ſad miseries:
Who'e warlike lims, in iron rough were girt,
The which defcry'd, the courage of his heart.

His burgonet, his vaunbrace and his ſheeld,
Were framed all, of fire tempered ſteele,
With golden starres, amid a fable feede,
Whofe maſſie ſubſtance, I did ſeeme to feele:
Fixt was his beauer, voyd of plumie fanne,
Or quainte deuife, vpon his helmeto ſtande.

At which dread ſight, my ſenses were amazed,
Though drowsie winkes, did rock them ſtill aſleepe,
Mine eies did ſeeme, to wake, and waking gazed,
Yet heauie ſlumbers, cloſly did them keepe:

But then his voice, that ſeem'd my heart to ſhake,
Vnbound his tongue, which then theſe words beſpake.

Awake, awake, ye winged wits of *Rome*,
Your flying fancies, wrapt in fiery ayre,
Sing *Julius* worth, *Agricola* intoombe,
Your ſpirits high, cloſed in mansions faire,
Too long haue ſlept, in Loues delicious awe,
Forgetting ſtill, your kind *Agricola*.

G

But

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Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But where am I: or where doe I declare,
My wofull name, with prostrate invocations?
What shall my sorows, pearce an Albions care?
And fright poore Padua with my exclamations?
No: let me first, from faire Elizea fal,
And choake the deepſt, infernall with my thrall.

O no: let Rome, let Rome ſueke vp mine anguift,
Let Rome the mother, of my infants yeaſes,
Swell with my ſighs, in which my ſoule ſtill languift,
Let Rome diſolute, her ſelfe with dolefull teares:
Let Roman Poets, ſing great Iulius name,
With blazinc trophees, of eternall fame.

But they are gone, from Romes terreftiall verges,
whofe muſe adrair'd, were crown'd with qui'ring baies,
O they are dead, that ſhould haue ſong my derges,
With dolefull langours, and diſtressfull layes:
He liu's in bliſſe, that ſung the warres of Troye,
Dead is the ſwayn, that told of Phillis ioye.

Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,
That ſweetly ſung renoumed Scipioes waſtes,
He liues that told Æmiliaes laſting ſtory,
Mixt with Anthonius, and Octauius iatres:
A thouſand more, doo liue, whose fames doe ring,
Yet none of dead, Agriola will ſing.

Wherefore ſith I, of force am ſummon'd here,
The ſtorie of my, wofull dayes to tell,
And Rome denies, to lend her liſtning care,
Attend Maluchus, and with ſorrows ſwell:
That Albion faire, may wayle my tragedy,
Whiſh ſleeping waking, thou ſhalt heare of mee.

When

Dolarnys Primerofe.

When great Vespasian, wore the diadem,
Of Romes large Empire, and with conquering hand,
Had wonne the wals, offaire Jerusalem,
Whose stately towers, were at his comand.

The Romes sweet aire, my yongling daies did nuroish,
Her nestar pappes, my infancie did cherish.

Where, whilst my years, were tender, soft and young,
In learnings cradle, I was lai'd to sleepe,
My carefull tutor, ore mee sweetly sung,
And I some straines, of his did note and keepe.
Esteeming them, so highly in my power,
That I did hug them, till my lateit houre.

Then did I frame, my tonguet o courtly charmes,
And how to tread, the distance of a dance,
And then I practis'd, how to manage armes,
To tosse a pike, and how to weeld a lance:
Then with sound rackets, close within a wall,
I nimblly learn'd, to tosse a tennisse ball.

To hunt a deere, I somtime tooke delight,
And sometime see, the lightfote hare to play,
And sometime with, an egar fawlcons flight,
I would consume, the weary longsome day:
A foaming steed, then would I learne to pace,
And swallow-swift, runne him a double race.

Then in a ring, I would him gently trot,
A full cariere, then did I learne to make,
Then to curuet, then for to gallop hot,
Then stopt him quick, that he new breath might take:
Then on his crest, my flattning palme would slide,
The more to cheere, his hot courageous pride.

Dolarnys Primeroise.

At Tilt and Tourney, then did I learne to ride,
With clattering shockes, to break a sturdy launce,
After the combate, then with portly pride,
My foaming courser, would himselfe aduance:
Whose sumptuous cariage, did so much excell,
That in each Tourney, I did beare the bell.

For so I manag'd, that couragious beast,
That he would vault, leape, coruet, plunge, and prance,
With startling furie, fold his doubled crest,
With loftie capers, stowpe, stop, and lightly daunce:
With fierie rage, strike, stare, and trample proudly,
Beating the stones, stamping and neighing loudly.

Each ten dayes once, *Olympus* feast we held,
Meeting in tilt, with compleat armour bright,
So that I knew, right well my speare to weld,
And how t'encounter, with the hardiest Knight:
And sometime hit, with counterbuffe so sound,
That he lay weltring on the sullen ground.

Whilst the spectators, voices high did laud mee,
With hou'ring hattes, and lowd tumultuous crits,
The trumpet shrill, did seeme for to applaud mee,
Pearsing the highest Zenith of the skies,
Where might be heard, vnpartiall voyces say,
Young *Julius* wonne, the honour of the day.

Then was I brought, to liue in stately Court,
Whereas I fed, of daintiest painted lookes,
For gallant dames, there dayly did resort,
To haue their faces, read in steed of bookees,
And soone I learned, with an am'rous tongue,
To read the lines, that were their bookees among.

Fortun

Dolarnys Primerose.

Fortune did so, aduance my blooming dayes,
That in the court, I gain'd a courtly place,
And happy he, that most my name could raise,
I sate so high, in great *Vespasuns* grace :

Each one vnlerned, thought their learned skill,
If not employ'd, my fantasie to fill.

Agricola, was bruted through the land,
Not one did moue, but spake of *Julius* name,
Each *Marsalist*, that did controule a band,
Mutely admir'd, to heare of *Julius* fame :

For sweet discourse, reuels, and chiualtrie,
Who was renow'nd? *Agricola* euen I.

Walkt I in Court, there Lamprils eyes descrid mee,
If in the towne, the Cittizens would know mee,
If mountaines bare mee, shepheard swaines espied mee,
In countrie townes, each vnto each would show mee :

And all would bend, with curtesies to mee,
Whilst I to them, would giue like curtesie.

What should I say? but that I should not say?
All honour still, in Court attended on mee,
I still in great, *Vespasians* bosome lay,
So gratiouly, did fortune smile vpon mee:

And as I grew, each day to riper yeeres,
Each day renowne, did place me with great peeres.

But then *Bellona*, with her hot alarm's,
Did summon mee, vnto the dint of warre,
Where I with troupes, of worthy men at armes,
Refuse no toile, to meete that bloudie iarde :

Although great *Neptunes*, boyling empire lay,
Betwene our land, and that rich golden bay.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But ſtraight we rigg'd, our huge ſea rending ſhips,
Whose ſpreading ſailes, with gentle *Eurus* aide,
In *Thetis* fields, through glaſſie billows ſlips,
No croſſe of *Fortune*, once our Nauie ſtaide :

Vntill wee came, at that gold-shining towne,
That was the ſpring, of *Julius* renoune.

Where vnawares, we thrust with ſpeed to land,
And orderly, our valiant forces placed,
With ſquadrons faire, vpon that forreine ſtrange,
With glitt'ring armour, all the plaines defaced ;
But then our foes, like champions ſtoute and bold,
Came with their power, for to defend their hold,

With hot Brauado's, and vndaunted ſpirites,
They marcht along, from out their Citie gates,
Ambitious all, aduancement ſought by merits,
Committing life, and land, to froward fates :

Nor wee, nor they, no parle ſeem'd to craue,
Combat, and battaile, each one desir'd to haue.

For raging furie, brooketh no delay,
Armie beards armie, in the bloody field,
Their trampling Gennets, fierie breathings neigh,
Our launces brauely, their ſtrong courſers wield :
Enſignes displai'd, lowd drums and trumpets ſound,
Whose threatning terror, from the cloſuds rebound.

Now watlike *Mars*, ſome of thy valour ſend mee,
Tip my weake tongue, with gads of tempered ſteele,
Or thou braue *Pallas*, ſome of thy power lend me,
That I may ſeeme, to make the heaters feele :

What buffets, blowes, lim-patting ſtroakes and ſcars,
Are by ſterne champions, giuen in thy bloody iars.

My

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

My tongue's too feeble, to decipher out,
The raging furie, aſted in martiall traines,
Yet will I shew, the proweſſe of this route,
Which thus incounter'd; on the Southerne plaines:
The valiant horſemen, firſt with ſwift cariers,
In ſundrie ſplinters, ſhuerd their piercing ſpeares.

Then to their Carbins, then vnto handy blowes,
Then violent ſhot, like to the Oceans rage,
With pell-mell-shocks, out off each armie goes,
Each man to win, his courage did ingage:
And ſtormes of Bullets, like to winters haile,
Out off each ſquadron, did their foes affaile.

Then armours clatter'd, ſwords gaue blow for blow,
A hand, a hand, a foote, a foote did craue,
Life, life desir'd, bloud vpon bloud did flow,
Each Curtleax dig'd, himſelfe a goarie graue:
There did Bellona, like a Lion teare,
Rough irefull gallants, on her tossing ſpeare.

The radiant ſkie, was darkned with the ſmoake,
That iſſued from, the pattering Muſket ſhot,
Which ſlumbering fume, our ſouldiers ſeem'd to choake,
The day and battaile, were ſo moultring hot:
The thundring Canons, plaied on either ſide,
Whose dreadfull furie, legions did diuide.

And as the waues, driuen with outragious ſtormes,
Bear eth the rampiers of vnmoouing rockes,
So did our Captaines, labour with hot alarms,
Them to repulſe, with ſhuering launces ſhocks:
Here lies ſome dead, there other freshly bleeds,
Trampling vpon them, with vnyuly ſteeds.

Abound

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Delornys Primeroſe.

Abounding terror, tumbled in the feeld,
Death stood apaled, at his owne invention,
Enuie bedeſt, her ſelfe in Rigors ſheeld,
Ruine and Horror, reuel'd with Diſſention:
Raging Reuenge, ſported in ſanguin blood,
The rauin'd earth, ore-cloyed belching stood.

Harſh-dying tunes, ſighing and grecuous groan's,
Wide gaping wounds, forced lamenting cries,
Heart-goaring ſtabs, bursting of leggs and boances,
Life gushing teares, forced from bloody eyes:
Men kill'd, vnkill'd, as dreadfull warre desired,
Liuing and dying, while Parcas breath retired.

Yet was the battayle, in a ballance found,
Till I vndaunted, cheer'd each feeble wing,
Which doone our valiant, forces gather'd ground,
Then courage followe, all the feeld did ring:
Then did our foes, feare, faynt, and flattly flic,
Whilſt wee as victors, victorie did cry.

Then did our ſoldiers, iſyplevalour take,
The ſmall caliuers, then did diſcharge apace,
The pykes and halberts, liuing lims did ſhake,
With feares purſute, the targueters did chace:
The horſe-men ſwiftly, did their launces bend,
The cannons ſwiftly, did their bullets ſend.

Then in our plumes, Fortune did ſeeme to play,
For that our foes, lay weltring in their blood,
Yeelding to vs, the honor of the daie,
The faire greene feeld, all ſanguined ouer stood:
Here lie stout champions, pearſt with deadly launces,
There layc braue Captains, leading fatall daunces.

Here

Dolarnys Primeroſa

Here fell a body, there tumbles off a head,
Here laye one maym'd, there laye one slaine out-right,
Here laye a ſouldier, groueling ſcarfly dead,
There laye a leader, here laye a warlike knight:
There a coronel, here a Gallant ſlayne,
Thus were they ſcatter'd, ore the purple plaine.

And thus at length, we forc'd them to retire,
Cloſing themſelues, within their Cittie walls,
Which wee inuior'd, round with ſword and fire,
Pelting their frontiers, with hot poud'red balles:
Whence wee might heare, clamorous ſhrikes & cries,
Nipped with waylings, in the troubled ſkies.

Then wee began, their towring walles to ſcale,
Taking the time, by his rough hairie top,
While fickle Fortune, ſlylie brew'd their bale,
That we the flowre, of their delight might crop:
Short tale to make, valour and high renoune,
Our conq'ring powres, plac'd in that warlike towne.

Whence many fled, to ſaue their wretched liues,
Many did humbly, kneele to kiffe our feete,
Virgins, and maides, infants and trembling wiues,
With proſtrate teares, did all our forces greete:

Where I proclaimed, with a trumpet meeke,
That all ſhould liue, that then their liues did ſceke.

Who much did muſe, to ſee ſo milde a fo,
Thinking themſelues, conquered not at all,
Their ſad applauſes, gaue vs leauue to knowe,
The ioye they tooke, in that their riſing fall:

And where before, w'had onely woon the towne,
Then of their hearts, we ſeem'd to weare the crowne.

H

For

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Dolarmys Primeroſe.

For they did bring, almost with free consent,
Their wealthy store, into our hands to giue,
Their gold, and Jewels, then they did present,
Their losse of goods, they seemed not to grieue:
For why? they knew, that we to them before,
Had giu'n a Iemine, worth all the wide worlds store..

Two dayes we stai'd, within that Citty faire,
Triumphing still, in viſtorie and gaine,
With pretious stones, and pearles beyond compare,
We did inrich, our warlike troupes and traïne:
Our dauncing ſhips, doubled their ſwelling prides,
Such wealthy fraught, stuffed their bended ſides..

Whose luſtie moulds, we rig'd and trim'd anew,
With masts of ſiluer, then they did adorne them,
The old attire, ambitiouſly they threw,
Amidſt the flouds, as they had neuer worn them:
Our yards were all, of Iu'ry, white as milke,
Our tacklings fram'd, of pureſt twisted filke.

Our maine ſailes all, of glaſſie Sattin faite,
Our top-ſailes were, moſt ſumptuous to behold,
Our ſpred-top gallants, trembling in the ayre,
Were framed all, of glittting cloth of gold:
Our dallying enſignes, wau'ring in the ſkie,
Were all imboſt, with rich imbrodery..

While that our ſhips, thus in the port were trimming,
I cal'd our troupes, into their Senate hall,
Whereas I made, no drosse nor pure ſkimming,
But with content, I did content them all:
None parted with, a diſcontented heart,
For why I gaue, each man his full deſert..

Dolarmys Primeroſe.

All which compleat, a pleasant gale of windē,
Did gentle whisper, ore our Nauies Poope,
As though t'had knowne, w'had finisht vp our minde,
So sweet a breath, made our top gallant stoope:
Which caused vs, least that the windē should fail's,
Our Anchors weigh, and hoift our silken Sailes.

Then of the towne, our last farewell we tooke,
With thundring noise, that seem'd t'affright the ayre,
Whilst Ladies from, the shoares on vs did looke,
With wo-wolne eyes, that we had left them there:
They shooke their hands, and shed teares for our sake,
In hope for them, our ships we would turne back.

Their sighes they sent, ouer the billowes rough,
Brought to our ships, with *Zephyrus* gentle hisses,
And when they saw, we knew it well inough,
With balmie breath, they blew to vs their kisses:
Their gloves they tooke, and in the water fling them,
Hoping the tide, vnto our ships would bring them.

But *Eolus* which, our friend did still remaine,
Hasted our ships, from off that forreine coast,
Fearing least that, we should turne back againe,
And so our paines, were altogether lost:
For why? he knew, their *Syren*-tempting-songs,
Might well pretend, vnto our further wrongs.

Wherfore no leaue, he gaue vs to dispense,
But liuely gales, he whistled in our shrowdes,
So that he soone, conuic'd our Nauie thence,
Rowling amidst, the all vntamed clouds:
And by the power, of his great swaying hand,
We're driuen from ken, of that delightfull land.

Dolarmys Primeroſe.

Then were we toſſ'd, in Neptunes tenniſſ-court,
Whereas the waues, did rackets ſeeme to take,
To beate and bandy, was their onely ſport,
Vntill a ſet game, they agreed to make:

Yet like young boyes, they did dallying play,
Whiſt toſſe new bales, for that they are ſo gaye.

For our faire ſhips, ſwelld the ſeaes with pride,
When they began, to daunce in Tethis lap,
But hauing reynes, within her verge to ride,
The ſurges ſeem'd, their boyſtrous hands to clap:

Triton did ſound, in moſt harmonious wife,
Whiſt Neptune gazed, on our welthy priſe.

Who ſeem'd to call, Apollo from his chaire,
Nephew (ſaith he) knowe you this portly fleete,
Which ſeemeſ to come, from out the Phriſian aire,
Where wee with ſtore, and treasure once did meeſe,
The firme foundation, of faire Troye to laye:
The which had florifht, till this preſent day,

Had theſe Grecians, which as I ſuppoſe,
Faſſly betray'd, that vndermouing towne,
Since which time they, themſelues right wel might loſe,
In watry deserts, vnder my ſpatious crowne:
But if I knew, that theſe were ſurely they,
I would ore-whelme them, in the brinifh ſea.

At whoſe ſterne words, Apollo ſeem'd to ſpeake:
No gentle Nephew, mitigate your ire,
Theſe are our friends, the which no peace will breake,
Theſe men haue beene, to fetch Promethean fire:
Theſe men are they, that trauell for our good,
Who are deſcended, from the Troian blood.

Then

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Then vſe them gently, as our chiefest friends,
And through your kingdomeſ ſafetie them conduet,
See all the gulfes, that you to them doo cleanse,
So that their fleete, to *Scilla* be not ſuckt :

For if their land, they ſafely doo attaine,
They ſhall haue fame, but we ſhall haue the gaine.

Then *Neptune* ſeem'd, to calme his rugged brow,
Commanding *Triton*, all his pow'rs to call,
(While that our Theams, the frothie brine did plow)
He held a parle, in his ſpatious hall :

All ſtormie windes, he chaſt from out his land,
Onely faire *Zephyr*, at his beck did stand.

Who ſent fresh gales, as we on billowes ſaile,
Neptune himſelfe, did waite vpon our fleete,
And when the wind, feared diſpleaſure quaid,
Then would he helpe vs, with a tide moft ſweet:

And when proud *Zephyr*, roughly ſeem'd to blow,
He would command him, he ſhould be more flow.

Thus did the great, commander of the Sea,
Conduet our Naue, through his empire wide,
Vntill at length, vpon a calmie day,
Our native land, we ioyfully eſpide :

Whose louely bankes, ſeemed with ſugerd charmses,
To call our fleete, into her folding armes.

Then did wee haſten, to thofe happy ſhores,
Mounted vpon, the wings of ſwift deſire,
Our ſailes did ſerue, for labouring armes and oares,
To gaine the port, to which we did aſpire:

And *Eolus*, no breath did vs denie,
But cauſd our ſhips, like *Pegasus* to fliſ.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Vntill we came, neare to the long wiſht strand,
On whose faire bankes, a thouſand did atend,
To welcom vs, vnto that happy Land,
For of their ioyes, there ſeem'd to be no end:

With muſick loude, with drums & trumpets ſound,
They drewe our ſhippes, vnto that pleaſant ground.

Each ſouldier weake, the which the waues did check,
And halfe dead fill'd, the body of each ſhip,
Did then reuiue, and walke vpon their decke.
Clapping their hands, and ſeem'd for ioy to ſkip:
In that great *Neptune*, lead vs all that while,
And ſet vs ſafe, vpon our nauiue Ile.

Who then did ſeeme, with all his frothie traine,
On *Dolphins* backes, to mount their watry lims,
And ſmyling *Thelis*, left vs on the plaine,
And with that Monarch, thence togither ſwims:
Commanding *Triton*, for to ſound a call,
To hold a counſell, in *Charibbides* hall.

While we did leaue, our huge ſea-cutting ſleetē,
Landing our troupes, Olimpikly on ſhoare,
Wheras whole legions, kindly did vs meete,
Wee being arm'd, with gold and ſiluer ſtore:
For ioye whereof, the hilles and dales did ſound,
The rockes and riuers, did with noyſe rebound.

Our well fraught nauie, then began to ſet,
Their thundring muſick, to report their treasure,
And with high ſtraines, their instruments to ſet,
With harts delight, whilſt we did daunce with pleaſure:
Which roaring conſort, ſuch recording plies,
That their thick breath, dimmed the cristall ſkies.

There

Dolarnys Primerose.

There were we brought, to that sea-beaten towne,
Inuorned, with warlike harmony,
And all their voyces, seem'd at once to crowne,
Agricola, with fame and chivalrie:

The rattling musick, quauerd amids the throng,
Th'hot caliuers, warbled the vndersong.

Whil'st I in sted, of pattering bullets threwe,
Siluer and gold, to pearce my country men,
To which hot skirmish, there so many drewe,
That I would pawse, and then begin agen:

Till night drewe on, thus did I guild their streets,
With gaine of warre, siluer and forrein sweets.

But *Phlegon*, *Pyrons*, *Æous* and *Æthon* proud,
Amids the ayre, hastned with fiery wings,
To beare *Apollo*, toward the Ocean floud,
And as a present, him to *Iber* brings:

Where he with banquets, reuell'd out the night,
Vntill *Aurora*, brought the morning light.

When night was come, wee tooke our quiet rest,
Sleeping secure, voyd of suspect or wrong,
Such harmelesse thoughts, harbored in each brest,
That wee were fast, vntill the Leuerucke song:

Who in the aire, with chirpings seem'd to say,
Awake, behold, see the delightsome day.

For *Menmons* mother, then to world had brought,
So faire a shewe, of crimson speckled light,
All spangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,
The which did banish, black *Cimmerian* night:

And glittering *Phebus*, then began to rise,
Gracing the earth, from out the azure skies.

Thus

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Dolarnys Primeroise.

Thus having safcly, taken sweet repose,
And that Apollo, to the lists was come,
From out our shees, with speed wee then arose,
Leauing the port, with sound of trumpe and drumme:
And then we tooke, our iourney toward the court,
Wheras our wel-come, was in princely sort.

For all the peers flocking about mee came,
With seeming gladnes of my safe returne,
Applauding still, my then too happy name,
As though with Ioy, their inward hearts did burne:
Then great Vespatiun, to accompt did call mee,
To know what chance, in Mars schole did befall mee.

Where I discourst, how I had spent my time,
How I tooke ship, and how I past the flouds,
How I did land, vnder that forreine clyme,
And how with force, our enemies withstood's: (downe
How with great paine, their troupes wee did beate
And how at length, we woon that mayden towne.

How many fled, to saue their loathed liues,
How many at, our weapons points did fall,
How I did pittie, infants, maydes and wifes,
And how I gaue, mercy vnto them all:
How they themselues, their iewells to vs brought,
And how with store, our lustie shippes wee fraught.

Short tale to make, I nothing did delay,
But told him all, how that we went and came,
Euen from the first, vntill that present day,
Till he himselfe, did giue me triple fame:
And honors high, vpon my head he set,
But some repin'd, at those my titles great.

But

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But then he tooke, mee by this iron hand,
Iulius (quoth he) mount, mount in wars desire,
For now Ile ſend thee with a puissant band,
Where like a prince, thou ſhalt by fame asprie:
To be inrold, within a warlike ſtorie,
With trophies of, eternal prayſe and glorie.

Ile make thee, Gen'ral of as great a traine,
As ere was copt, vnder the boundleſſe ſkie,
Who as they march, ſhal hide each hill and playne,
And drinke at once, the foaming Ocean drye:
No ſhipps ſhall neede, to waſt them ore the ſea,
For they ſhal land it, in one ſommers daye.

Not Xerxes armie, ſhal with them compare,
So many legions, vnder theeſhall go,
The fight whereof, ſhall make thy aduerſe feare,
When thou doſt come, & encounter with thy fo:
Ile raine downe gold, ſtill for thy ſouldiers pay,
Then gentle Iulius, ſtay not, haſt away.

This promeſe vrg'd mee, once againe to go,
To trie my fortune, in Bellonaes ſchoole,
Soone was prepard, a gallant glittering ſhow,
Whereas did want, no kinde of warlike toole:
There were they plac'd, each man in his degréo,
And I proclaim'd, their Generall to be.

Then trumpets shrill, ſounded aloud for ioye,
And thundring drums, filled the aire with noyſe,
The ſoldiers all, each man and ſt rdy boye,
Houer'd their hearts, with an applauſing voyce:
Taking our leaue, then did we maſh along,
Arriuing ſafe, in (great) Brittanie ſtong.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

In which faire ſoile, the Britains bold did raine,
Th'undaunted Scotſh men, and the Scithians wild,
The Corniſh crew, and Calidonian traine,
The naked Silures, and the Pictians vilde:
Who all at once, prouided ſkil-leſſe powers,
To drieue our forces, from their mean buiſt towers.

For men like Satir's, clad in ruflike tire,
Halfe weapon-leſſe, with braying cries and cals,
To meet our daring, army did aspire,
Praying vpon vs, like fierce Cannibals:
There might be heard, the hideous lumbring ſwasher,
Vnequally, conſorting with the clasher.

There might be heard, the hollowe wind bag'd droan's:
With direfull roating: and the puffing piper,
There might be heard, harsh tunes with clattering bones,
The loud ſhrill drummer, and the iarring fifer.

Which muſicks diſcord, ſeem'd a conſort right,
To courage vp, our foes vntamanag'd might.

Whose habits mean, did harbor haulty hardneſſe, leſſe
Their ſtomacks stout, though ſkil-leſſe made them feare-
Their proweſſe doubtleſſe, bred their own vntow'rdneſſe
Their desperat vetur's, ſhew'd theiſt hearts were peerleſſe:
Their valors ſwordleſſe, made them ſtill regardleſſe,
Their blows were harmleſſe, & theiſt bodies wardleſſe,

Theiſr weapons were of, Ibeamie, wiſch, and thorne,
Some had a ſkeane, and ſome a dart and durke,
Some fewe had bows, and arows pil'd with horne,
And priuie poynards, in ſome ſleues did lurke:
Some had'e targes, ſome pikes with points new burned,
Some ſtill threwe ſtones, & ſome poore chariots turned.

Some

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Some weelded spears, and sheelds of Elme full tough,
Some hare brayn'd roysters rid on garish steeds,
Some two hand swords, did vſe of iron rough,
Whose aukward powers, acted most worthie deeds:

For why they thought, a man was neuer dead.

Till by ſome meaneſ, they had cut off his head.

Yet day by day, on bogges and brays wee met,
One while they vs, then ſtraight wee them would chafe,
They vpon vs, we vpon them would ſet,
Such was the reſt, wee tooke within that place:

Thus did we ſeed, vpon the bread of warre,
Painting our lines, with many bloody ſkar.

Full thripe three years, in Brittan I remayned,
From whence my fame, to ſtately Roome did flie,
But then Veipafian, was by death detained,
And mightie Titus, in that time did die:

Then grew my woes, then did my ſorows ſpring,
Then, then did bloome, my fatall ruining.

For then Domitian, tirant-like did ſwaie,
The royall mace, and diadem of Rome,
Who vndescried, ploites did ſilily lay,
To bring poore Iulius, to his finall doome:
And wret my life, from mee by fowle deceipt,
For that my name, did dayly growe ſo great.

All meaneſ he ſought, to augment my worth and fame,
When rusty enuie, gnaw'd his can kered heart,
His cunning lipps, did ſeeme to rayfe my name,
But ſtill he ſought, my deaſh with ſlight and art:
Euen ſo Vlſſes, flattered in the court,
While luckieſſe Ajax, toyl'd with warlike port.

Dolirnys Primerose.

Yet I was worse, then *Telamons* poore sonnes,
For hee was present, with his wily fo,
He knewe his flights, long ere the spight was doone,
But *Julius* I, did neither see nor knowe:

His causelesse enuy, I did neuer taste,
How he chac'd mee, as I the *Brittains* chac'd.

He mee pursu'd, and I my foraine foes,
His stroakes were slight, but I rough payement gaue,
He fought with wiles, I fought with rugged blowes,
He sought my wracke, I sought his life to saue:

He wrought my bane, I wrought to raise his fame,
He woon the prise, I lost the set and game.

But all so fitted, to my seeming good,
That no misdeeming, in my heart did rest,
Although he dayly, thirsted for my bloud,
No such opinion, lodged in my brest:

For then from *Brittain*, he did send for mee,
And I of *Syria*, should Lieutenant be.

His iugling letters, had such lofty straines,
That I was all, enchanted with his charmes,
I must to *Rome*, and leaue my wonted traines,
To cope with greater, dignities at armes:

Wherfore I tooke, my leaue and last adiew,
Of all my troopes, great *Syria* to viewe.

But when I came, vnto the *Roman* Court,
Whose glorious name, did ring throughout the world,
Wonder did seeme, about me to resort,
For black indite ments, on my head were hurld:
And I, poore I, as many tongies could tell,
Ere long was ient, vnto the cittadell.

And

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

And thrieſe accurst, by destiny and fate,
Was then proclayn'd, a traytor for to be,
Against the Prince, the Counſell and the ſtate,
The which did not, with my deſerts agree:

Yet did *Vliffes, Palamede* ſo hate,
That with ſmooth words, he did cut off his pate.

Alas, alas, the time doth ſwiftly runne,
For nowe I heare, nights trumpeters ſh:ill noyſes,
Who haſtens mee, my ſtory to haue done,
O ſtay a while, and Ile obey your voyces:

For being cloſd, within that towring wall,
I heard no talke, but of my death and fall.

And on a day, before *Aurora* ſprong,
To tell the world, that *Phebus* faire was comming,
I was iuited, with a mour:ing tongue,
Vnto a eaſt, prouided with great cunning:
Where I ſhould feed, on ſuſh delicious cates,
As was prepar'd, for me and ſuſh like ſtates.

I could not chooſe, but needes I muſt conſent,
To go and ſee, that ſweete and dainty fare,
Although I knewe, that eaſt with full intent,
Was ſo ordain'd, to end my worldly care:
Yet I as willing, as their hearts could wiſh,
Did viewe, and that, is banquets chiefest diſh.

And when I came, vnto that ſpatious hall,
There did I ſee, my diet and my cheare,
My Caruer then, vnto mee I did call,
Saying theſe words, carue, friend, and do not feare:
Then did he cut, and I did eate ſuſh ſtore,
That after then, I neuer did eate moſe.

Dolarnys Primeroise.

Then this memoriall, of my endlesse soule,
Which had beene lockt, within my body long,
Was registred, in a celestiall rowle,
And plac'd in ioye, whilst Angels sweetly sung:
Where troupes diuine, eternally shall raigne,
Keeping their Court, vpon *Elizian* plaine.

But worldling know, to thee I doo not come,
To tell thee how, I liued in my life,
Nor for to tell, this story all and some,
Which was my end, my death, and fatall strife:
A thousand heads, more of my state hath knowne,
Then in this storic, I to thee haue showne.

It were a pride, for me to tell thee this,
Or tell thee how, I dwell in Paradise,
No, no, I come, to lead thee vnto blisse,
Then heare my words, note them, and be precise:
First honour God, then with a louing heart,
Honour thy Prince, for so it is thy part.

Defraude no man, hurt not the innocent,
Hate pride, liue chaste, back-bite not with thy tongue,
Sweare not in vaine, to vengeance be not bent,
Murther no man, nor doo no poore man wrong:
Beare no false witnesse, hoord no g'old in store,
While Orphanes weake, starue at thy cursed dore.

The Saboth keepe, honour thy parents deare,
Steale no mans wealth, thy enemies forgiue,
Shunne sloth as sinne, and drunkennesse forbeare,
Glurte no thy selfe, st ill pouertie releue:
Fauour thy friend, loue thy true seruant well,
This done, thy fame, for euer shall excell.

And

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

And if that long, thou doſt desire to liue,
Beware of ſuch, as brought mee to my end,
For they are men, that cunning wōrds will giue,
Although thy fo, they will professe thy friends:
And will not let, to ſweare, and forſweare too,
Thy welth to gaine, though it doth thee vndoo.

But stay: mee thinkes I ſee the Eurian lights,
Budding like Roſes, in the mornings browes,
The drowſie vapours, takes their ſable flyghts,
And bright *Aurora*, doth her ſelfe vnhouſe:
The glow-worme di nſfeares the approaching ſun,
Wherfore farewell, for I to ſpeake haue done.

Thus did he leaue, and thus the *Hermit* left,
with teares diſtilling, and with ſighs abounding,
His ſilent mutenesſe, ſhew'd his loyes bereft,
Yet night did force me, leaue him plaints reſounding:
And thus I reſt, his ſtory to deſcrye,
For that black night, hath now incloſ'd the ſkie.

Yet when *Apollo*, ſhall rechafe againe,
The *Vesper* vailes, the earth hath clouded ouer,
If that your ſteps, doo guide you to this plaine,
The accident, to you I will diſcouer:
Vntill which time, your ſelfe I do commend,
To be preſeru'd, by Alls all guiding friend.

The radiant torch, long ſince had burning left,
And *Cinthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,
Tri.nmed her ſelfe, like to a louer deſte,
Cauſing her glimpreſes, towar'd faire *Latmos* plaine:
Which louely obieſt, cauſ'd her dazzling eyes,
With triple brightenesſe, to inrich the ſkies.

Wherfore

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Dolernys Primrose.

Wherfore I left, the louely aged man,
Taking my leaue, my bed I made my blisse,
But in the morne, I did returne againe,
Whereas I heard, the *Hermits* life and his,
Which now my pen, growne dull denies to thdite,
Taking fresh breath, in fresher lines to write.

FINIS.



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